



LYON & HEALY PIANOS.

The firm of Lyon & Healy was established in the year 1864 in Chicago. It remains to-day in the hands of the original owners and their descendants.

These Pianos are constructed especially for export trade and built to withstand the most trying tropical conditions. The durability of these pianos in the hottest and dampest climates is proof enough that their construction is such as will give entire satisfaction.

Among the many special features of these pianos which will interest every piano lover are:— The bass bars are screwed as well as glued to the soundboard and therefore cannot come off. The frames are bolted to the plates in the most secure manner, so that long voyages are safely withstood. The veneering is made impervious to tropical conditions by a special waterproofed glue.

THESE PIANOS AND ALSO THE MIESSENER'S

"LITTLE PIANO WITH THE BIG TONE"

IN STOCK AT

W. W. TAYLOR & Co.,

Tel. Honkyoku 2183.

Seoul, Chosen.

TERMS—TO SUIT YOU.

The Korea Mission Field

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief, REV. A. F. DECAMP

REV. W. J. ANDERSON,	REV. H. D. APPENZELLER,	MR. HUGH MILLER,
MR. G. BONWICK,	REV. W. M. CLARK, D. D.,	REV. F. K. GAMBLE,
REV. J. W. HITCH,	REV. A. L. BECKER, PH. D.,	MRS. A. H. NORTON.

Contents for July, 1925

ILLUSTRATIONS:		
A Baby Show at Seoul	---	Frontispiece
EDITORIAL:		
"Why Mission Schools?"	---	137
A HISTORY OF THE KOREAN PEOPLE, CHAP. XIII.		
Rev. J. S. Gale, D. D.	---	139
A BABY SHOW AT THE EVANGELISTIC CENTER, SEOUL		
Miss Cordelia Erwin	---	144
BOYHOOD DAYS IN KOREA		
Douglas B. Avison, M. D.	---	145
ON THE WAY TO SHANGHAI		
Rev. A. F. Robb	---	149
DIET AS AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE CURE OF SPRUE		
Mrs. Wm. C. Kerr	---	151
THE PYENGYANG COUNTRY CLASS		
Miss Louise B. Hayes	---	153
"THAT ONE FACE" by Bishop H. Welch, D. D.		
Brief Digest by Gerald Bonwick	---	154
ARE ITINERATORS IN KOREA MAKING THE WISEST USE OF THEIR TIME ?"		
One Who Itinerates	---	156
NOTES AND PERSONALS		158
CORRESPONDENCE		158

PRINTED AT THE Y. M. C. A. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL (PRINTING DEPARTMENT), SEOUL, KOREA.

Business Manager.—MR. GERALD BONWICK, *Christian Literature Society of Korea, Seoul, Korea.*

Subscription.—Annual Subscription, including postage in Korea, Japan and China, ₩2.50; including postage to America, Great Britain and other parts of the world, ₩3.50 (\$1.75 gold or 7s.6d). Single copies, 25 cts.

Business matters and subscriptions should be addressed to MR. BONWICK as above. Remittances from countries other than Korea and Japan should always be sent by Foreign Money Order or personal cheque. Please do not send stamps or Domestic Money Orders. If preferred, subscriptions may also be sent to any of the following:—

REV. F. M. NORTH, D. D., 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

MR. D. A. DAY, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

MISS CARRIE R. PORTER, Lambuth Building, Nashville, Tenn., U. S. A.

REV. A. E. ARMSTRONG, 439 Confederation Life Chambers, Toronto, Canada.

NEW BOOKS ON BIBLE STUDY

He that is Spiritual 령리론

Price 40 sen

A well-known book by L. S. Chafer ; translated by Dr. W. M. Baird.

Some of the Chapter Headings are as follows :—

Three Kinds of Men.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.

Grieve not the Spirit.

No Opposition to the Spirit's Influence.

and the whole book is most useful to preachers and teachers. Translated by Dr. W. M. Baird. 146 pages.

The Bible Outline 성경강요

Price 60 sen

by E. S. Young ; translated by Dr. W. L. Swallen and K. H. Kim. Contains hundreds of pithy outlines of Bible history and contents. A reference book needed by all preachers of God's Word. Well illustrated. 188 pages. (P. P. Fund)

How to Teach Religion 종교교육지침

Price 60 sen

by George H. Betts ; translated by Pyen Sung Ok. This book contains a great deal that is of interest to Sunday-school teachers and others, as it deals with Methods of Teaching and Child Psychology as well as the most important Bible Truths that should be taught. 102 pages. Issued by the Korea S. S. Association.

Outline Studies in the Life of Peter 베드로전거

Price 35 sen

by Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas ; translated by Dr. W. L. Swallen and K. B. Song. This is the first book on the life and work of Peter to be published in Korean ; it is written in a very helpful style and carefully paragraphed for purposes of study. 115 pages. (P. P. Fund).

What the Bible Teaches 성경도리

Price 32 sen

by Dr. R. A. Torrey, translated by Dr. W. L. Swallen. The fourth edition of this was recently issued, proving the value of it to preachers and all Christian workers. All the chief doctrines of the Bible are found here in clearly tabulated form with complete references. 152 pages. (P. P. Fund).

Till He Come 주지림론

Price 40 sen

by Dr. James H. Brooks ; translated by Dr. W. M. Baird. A very powerful and acceptable book on the second coming of our Lord. 215 pages. (P. P. Fund).

A Guide to Eternal Life 영생의지서

Price 35 sen

by Rev. F. S. Miller. A very helpful selection of brief outlines for Sermons and Addresses which will be much appreciated by busy pastors and preachers. 96 pages. Nearly ready. (P. P. Fund).

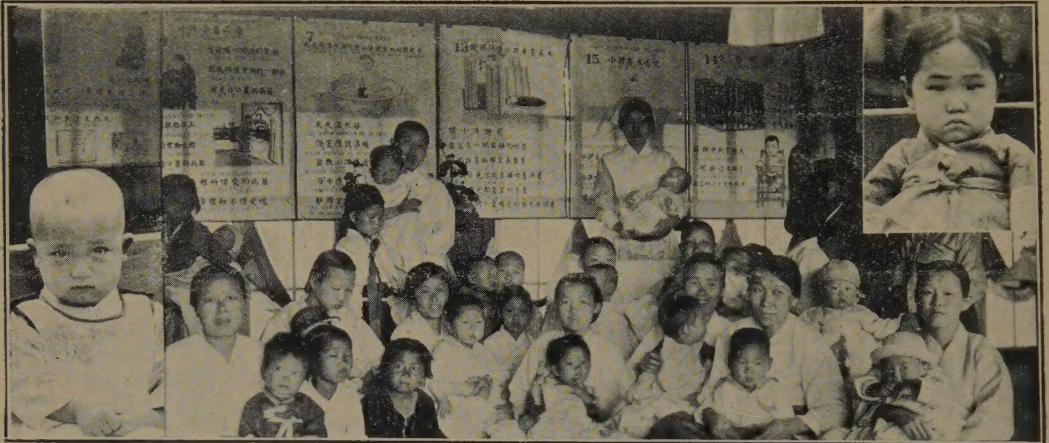
Send All Orders To The

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE SOCIETY OF KOREA

A BABY SHOW AT SEOUL



130 Babies came on the first day, Examining Day. Insets are the four first prize perfect babies.



Charts and posters filled with scientific instruction on the care of infants were explained while the mothers were waiting turns for their babies to be examined.



Second Day—Under the big tent when prizes were awarded.

(See Page 144)

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

Issued by the Federal Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea

VOL. XXI

JULY, 1925

No. 7

Editorial

Why Mission Schools?

IT IS WELL THAT WE ARE BROUGHT UP with a jerk at times to take stock of what we are doing and the reasons for it, reasons which we have perhaps taken for granted, as we do the air and sunshine. We are so busy and absorbed in our schools that when someone comes along and says "But why mission schools anyway?" we are at first shocked that anyone should think to question that which to us is so obviously good and essential. But if we cannot face up to this question "Why Mission Schools" and come back with an answer, not only that satisfies us but sends us at the task again with a tingling sense of the greater worth of it all, we certainly cannot be in the right place as school workers, and it is well indeed that the question came to us.

Persons of practical minds in the United States have asked educators a corresponding question and we may learn something from their answer. The question there is "Why free high schools? There are plenty of private schools to which those who desire may go, what is the use of this great burden of taxation for secondary education? It costs \$ 12.50 per capita, or for a family of five \$ 62.50 for all this folderol of a high school education that is impractical and doesn't amount to anything after all. Look at the men who have made themselves. Why should we waste our money in high schools?"

The answer that Dr. Thomas H. Briggs of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has to this question is simple and thorough-going, and gives us our corresponding inkling to the answer to our question, "Why Mission Schools?" "We have free high schools," says Dr. Briggs, "first, that the state may be a better place to live in, and, second, that the state may be a better place in which to make a living." These two reasons, worked out through the seven cardinal principles of secondary education give us not only the why of secondary education, with the vindication of the so-called burden of taxation due to free high schools, but also the course by which we all may steer. For never in the history of the world has there been such a time as ours when what has been called "education" is being tested out in the lives of all instead of the favored few. Whereas formerly it was the "gentleman" only and his sons and daughters, or the monkish few, who were privileged to seize for themselves the benefits of education, today, with the printing press and public education we are in a new day, when that which is worthy is being tested in the crucible of life, and cherished theories are being either vindicated or broken.

We return to the question, "Why Mission Schools?" The government has a fine and comprehensive plan for the extension of education in all its grades, beginning with the primary and extending on through to the university, with "refreshing ideals" we are told. Just what

place have we, as mission schools, and will the time not come, as someone has prophesied, when we shall be "one with Nineveh and Tyre?"

It is not enough to answer that the need is so pressing; that is all true, for hundreds are turned away from our mission schools as well as from the government schools simply because there is not building space and teaching staff to meet the needs. The needs alone do not answer our question, for we could doubtless find other places on this earth where there is even greater ignorance and less being done to meet the need than here. Our answer, if quantitative, is not a satisfactory answer. We may be justified for a time, but eventually the government will and should take over this burden. For one may well ask the further question, Why any mission schools at all? Why should any money be given from across the seas to build schools and keep them going? Why?

The answer to our question is found only in Christ. Only because He puts it into the hearts of men to know that joy is had in giving not getting, in ministering not being ministered unto, in losing life that others may live. It is only because without Him we know that the state cannot be a better place to live in and cannot become a better place in which to make a living. "The Christian impression comes through the hearts," said an editorial in this periodical not long since, and it is just for this reason that we must have Christian schools, that something more than an "impression" may be made, rather than in this bit of a place called earth may be joined

"Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In the sweetest melody."

That the intellect may not be trained without the heart, this is our only and sufficient answer to the question, "Why Mission Schools?" What of the giants of intellect, yes, and of moral might? What of the sages and their literature, the great men of this wonderful Orient? Are they to be revered and followed by the mass of the people? And why have they so lost their grip in this day of stupendous changes, why have their lights paled but at the dawning of the Sun of Righteousness? Mission schools, rather, Christian schools, exist and will continue to exist because only through the transforming power of Christ may even the earthly aims of making the state a better place to live in, and a better place in which to make a living, be attained. But chiefest of all, we may "labor on, spend and be spent" because we know that "our citizenship is not here," and that because of Jesus Christ we may all become sons of the Most High.

H. D. APPENZELLER.

They Go From Strength.—Psalm 84: 7.

God is waiting, faith lets Him in. And as we pass from faith, giving Him ever deeper and deeper entry into all our interests and affairs, God fills up our emptiness as they are presented to Him, and our life becomes light in the Lord. In God the soul discovers her own climate, she finds herself at home. And when God and the soul are in vital communion the faculties of the soul put on strength and beauty. Spiritual discernments clothe themselves in power. And so we grow from strength to strength.

J. H. JOWETT.

A History of the Korean People

J. S. GALE, D. D.

Chapter XIII

WE ARRIVE with the Seventh Century at one of the most important periods in the history of Korea, where we behold her no longer three kingdoms but one. Out of a great struggle she comes forth a united people. As we pass the years in review, in spite of war and confusion, we are more and more impressed with her superior civilization and her high attainment.

But let us note, first, how Korea rises to be a military power. As mentioned in the last chapter, King Yang of Soo (隋煬帝) sent his finest troops and greatest generals to deal Kokuryu a death blow. These forces reached the Yaloo in 612 A. D. The sedate old historian goes on to say that here each Chinese soldier was given a hundred days rations, in weight equal to two bags of grain. A note appended to the order read: "Any man found shirking his load will have his head struck off." In true Chinese fashion the soldiers set themselves to thwart the orders of their chief. They dug holes under their tents and buried the obnoxious weights, while at the same time they stuffed their load full of soft and easy-going hay. Soon supplies gave out and they were in dire straits,

A minister of Kokuryu, a man of great resource, trained as scholar and soldier alike,

Eul-ji Moon-tuk (乙支文德), was ordered to the front with soldiers to make a mock surrender. General Oo Moon-choong (宇文仲) of China received Kokuryu's message and at once arrested Eul-ji. But his commanding presence and distinguished manner so moved the conclave of generals that they let him go. Across the Yaloo he retired, while China, regretting her magnanimity, made after him in hot haste. Eul-ji eluded her best endeavours and allowed

himself to be defeated seven times in all till he had drawn the enemy well on toward Pyengyang. Here he sent a very submissive letter to the commander-in-chief and a poem attached which read:

Your strategy is like the gods,
Your calculations high as heaven;
You've hit me hard time and again,
With such a record hie you home, I pray.

The Chinaman's answer was, "Not on your life. First and foremost, unconditional, immediate surrender." Eul-ji answered, "Of course, of course! If you will please to retire a little I'll follow and yield you all." The Chinese moved back, foolishly, with dire result, a fearful fight on the Clear River (清川江) at Anjoo where the army of Soo was trapped, drowned, trampled upon and cut to pieces. Twenty seven hundred men were all that were left of nearly half a million. Korea says little of General Eul-ji because his memory lies buried forever beneath the fallen fragments of Kokuryu, but surely if great achievement marks merit he might well be named the equal of China's highest Han-sin (韓信).

These were fighting days and women too came bravely to the front. There lived in

The Valiant Woman Sulsi Yooli, Silla, a man named Sul who had a very beautiful daughter.

No son was born to his house and so the father, though up in years, was called to take the field. Sulsi, only a girl, was grieved to think that she could not stand in her father's place. Tears were of no avail and so she was obliged to see him prepare to go. Just at this moment there called at Sulsi's home a gallant knight named Kasil (嘉實), "My greetings to your ladyship," said he, "I have sworn to give my life to any great cause I meet especially to the service of others. Here is my chance; let me go, I pray you, in

the place of your revered father." Sulsi hurried forth with this delightful message. The father expressed his thanks, and at once offered his daughter in payment as the partner of the good knight's fortune. Kasil bowed and asked that a date be set. Sulsi answered, "Marriage is too important a matter to decide lightly. I am yours by heart and promise, let that suffice. Meanwhile I shall await your return." In answer he took from his pocket his metal hand-mirror, broke it in two, and gave her half. When he departed he presented her with his beautiful horse. "Feed it well," said he, "you may need it later."

State trouble long held him prisoner, and six years passed with no message of return. Sulsi's father said, "We agreed to three years, but that is long gone by. You had better marry someone else." "But," said she, "Kasil has gone in your place and has suffered much for you, if I break faith with him how dreadful that would be." The father tried to force her and, in fact, concluded an agreement with a village neighbour. Seeing this Sulsi drew her belt tightly and made ready her horse to fly. Just then Kasil returned, but worn down so thin and poor that she did not know him. His clothes, too, hung in tatters. Only when he brought forth the broken mirror did she recognize her knight returned. According to their plighted faith they were married and lived in all happiness together.

Such are Korea's women dotting her pages of history. She gives her word and it proves as safe as the soundest merchant's bond.

These are among the mightiest days of East Asia for they mark the rise of the Tang Kingdom which was to last three hundred years and give to the world great poets, great statesmen, great warriors. The founder was a Yi, a descendant of the Old Philosopher and a great-great-great...grandfather of Li Hung-chang. He was educated in all the best of his day and deeply steeped in religious lore. A couplet ascribed to him runs thus :

The Rise of Tang

Enlightened souls see ere the form appears ;
And sainted spirits hear when sounds are absent.

So often is the name Tang Tai-jong (唐太宗) on the lips of the Korean that I must endeavour to make some mark here that will impress him upon the memory of the reader. Perhaps I can not do better than call to mind the half-stone of Wunjoo (原州) now in Choonchun (春川). Let all readers examine it carefully as they pass it by. I quote a note written by Hong Yang-ho, who was high-priest of Korea in 1776, and head of the Confucian College. He wrote as follows : "The half-stone that is on the Ryong-bong Hills (龍鳳山) of Wunjoo has on it an inscription prepared by the Founder of Koryu (940 A. D.) He gave orders to his literary master Choi Kwang-yoon to gather together the written characters of Tang Tai-jong and so compose the inscription.

"As the Japan War of 1592 was in progress the enemy placed the stone on a cart and started off with it toward the east coast, but when they reached the Bamboo Pass (竹嶺) the stone fell and was broken in two. Half of it they took away with them. When the war was over the Governor of Kang-wun Province brought back the remaining half to Wunjoo, placed it on its base and called it the Half-Broken Stone (半折碑)."

This gives the reader some idea of the rough hand of time and chance that the stone has seen. It remained in Wunjoo and in the Monastery of Heung-pup (興法寺) till 1913 when it was removed to Choon-chun, the provincial capital, where it now is. The remarkable feature regarding this stone is the wonderful pen strokes of Tang Tai-jong that adorn its face. Mr. Hong describe them thus : "I got a rubbing from it, and the lines of the character are strong beyond compare—the very pen-strokes of the man of God. I had heard that Tai-jong liked best of all the style of Wang Heui-ji, and now that I see these characters I realize that he had indeed acquired the mastery for himself. They are of the most splendid form like Heaven's horses galloping

across the sky, a something that no other hand can ever hope to rival. Even though untaught and untrained, the enemy could not but fall in love with such a trophy. Thus it was they stole it away. They were not daunted by a thousand pounds of weight or ten thousand *li* of distance. Fortunately, by the overruling of Providence, the half remains with us. This stone might be called a great world wonder. Hereafter if any master scholar should ever come from China inquiring for priceless treasure show him this, please!"

And yet to our untrained Western vision how dull it seems though to every quickened Korean eye this stone stands for the greatness and glory of Tai-jong, Founder of the Tangs.

At this very time, when Tang was rising, Mahomet was making his mark on the glaring sands of Arabia. He appears not, however, as the silken coated monarch of the Far East, but a wild Bedouin of the desert, armed and cloaked to defy the sun-ray, and every mortal man that might cross his path. He, too, sang his hymns and spoke his praises, but in less gentle tones than China. Here is a poem of his from the *Koran*, a book gathered together in these very days :

"By the Sun and his noonday brightness !
By the Moon when she followeth him !
By the Day when it revealeth his glory !
By the Night when it enshroudeth him !
By the Heaven and Him who built it !
By the Earth and Him who spread it forth !
By a Soul and Him who balanced it,
And breathed into it its wickedness and its piety,
Blessed now is he who hath kept it pure,
And undone is he who hath corrupted it !"

While Mahomet was on his long search after God and the Tang Kingdom was awakening, a Korean named Kim Yoo-sin (金庾信), greatly distressed by the conflicts and enmities of his native land, was in the mountains, back of Kyung-joo, praying. Kim is one of Korea's greatest characters, as his tomb today that stands on the hills behind Silla's old capital would indicate. In early years we are told that he was specially taught by his mother. Once, in-

veigled away by evil companions, he spent the night in the haunt of the dancing-girl. His mother met him with tearful face, "I had hoped" said she, "that you might have become one of Korea's great, good men, but my dreams are done and all my plans have fallen." Kim bowed before his mother penitently and swore a solemn oath that never again would he fail of her highest hopes. We are told that he never afterwards failed. Once his horse inadvertently turned aside into the gate way of the tempter, where Heaven's Queen, the woman of his fancy, was awaiting him. Kim dismounted, drew his sword and struck the horse's head off. Thus he refused all her advances. Tradition says she died of a broken heart and that a monastery was built in Kyung-joo to her memory, named Chun-kwan-as (天宮寺) Heaven's Queen's Temple.

We next behold Kim, as recorded in the Sam-gook-sa (三國史), greatly distressed by invasions of the armies of Koryu, Paikje and Malgal; he left his friends and his life of pleasure and retired to a cave on Choong-ak (中嶽) Mountains, where, having done the necessary acts of purification for body and soul, he prayed saying, "Enemies that have no religion, like wolves, invade our land and take by force the fields apportioned us. Peace has departed from the earth. I, a mere servant of the state, helpless to right these wrongs, make my humble prayer to God. Be pleased to condescend and lend thy powerful aid."

After four days thus passed in prayer, an old man in rough reed garb appeared and said, "There are many venomous serpents and dangerous beasts in these hills, why should a handsome lad like you abide here alone?" Yoo-sin replied, "Whence comes Your Excellency and what is your name?" The genius answered, "I have no fixed abode but visit where destiny calls me, nor could I ever explain to you fully the meaning of my name." Yoo-sin, hearing this, came forward, bowed twice and said, "I am a man of Silla whose heart is sore over these inroads of the enemy."

Kim's Prayer
and Fasting

My coming here is in the hope that I may meet someone who will lend me help."

The genius was silent for a time while Yoo-sin's tears flowed as he earnestly besought his pity. At last, breaking the silence, the stranger said, "You are still young and yet your thoughts go out to unite these kingdoms into one—a great purpose indeed." He then taught him the "Hidden Law" by which all things are done, and said, "Be moderate in your ways, and speak only with discretion. If you misuse the gift I give you it will be your destruction." Thus he finished speaking and went on his way and though Yoo-sin attempted to follow he was gone and out of sight. Only a cloud of light rested on the mountain-top.

The years that followed were full of fateful consequences. Finally in the great clash of arms Kim is ever constantly to the fore, while a host of China, two hundred thousand men, under command of So Chung-pang (蘇定方) moves on Paikje which goes down in the 2nd Moon of 663 A. D. followed by Kokuryu in 668. A sad day it was for Korea, surely, and yet, in the end, it doubtless worked weal as it made her a single people, undivided.

The old capital of Paikje was Puyu. Immediately north of the ancient site is a mountain fortress about 400 feet high enclosed by an earthen wall, the north-west angle jutting out into the river. This rock that overlooks the watery depth has a name—Rock of Fallen Flowers (落花巖). The story is that when General So Jung-pang entered the city with his army, the maids and dancing-girls of the palace, unwilling to yield to the enemy, went up to the fortress rock and threw themselves into the river. Hence its name, *Nak-wha-am*, Rock of Fallen Flowers.

In the centre of the city limits stands one of Korea's greatest wonders—a pagoda built by the same great Tangs in the days of the beginning of their glory. They were marvals at the pen, the chisel, the plummet-line, the trowel, and

have left their impress on the East as no other kingdom. Here, in Puyu, is one of their master-pieces, this old pagoda, that has stood one thousand three hundred years lifting its graceful form against all wind and weather. It is called the Pagoda of Tang's Peace to Paikje though the peace meant the silent grave, utter extinction. On it is written the story of Tang's greatness, how she was destined to rule the world, Paikje and all other states, how her generals carried everything before them; how her virtue, her goodness, her glory were to be extolled. Anyone desiring to read this in the original will find it in the *Hai-tong Yuk-sa* (海東釋史) vol. xlv. This is the oldest pagoda in Korea, not Korean at all, but planted here by one of the greatest of Korea's teachers, the Tangs. It has looked out toward the silent south during the same long period that the Mount of Olives has been gazed at by the Dome of the Rock, the Mosque of Omar.

General So took back with him the captive king, the crown-prince and three other sons, eighty-eight ministers and generals, and twelve thousand eight hundred and seven of Paikje's best people. We can behold in imagination this long procession wending its way out of Puyu much as the Jews did out of Jerusalem under the lash of Nebuchadnezzar. A dream-land region is this old site enclosed in the elbow of the White Horse River.

From now on for three hundred years Korea wore just one name, Silla. Previous to this, there occurred something that specially marked the woman's kingdom. Chin-pyung (眞平王) died in 632 A. D. without a son. Boldly he passed the throne on to his daughter and she became "king," her given name being Sun-tuk (善德) Sweet Virtue. She was the first queen to come to the throne by ordinary succession that I know of in East Asia. Dowagers there have been many, who have usurped all power, but Sun-tuk was a queen in her own right and ruled Silla from 632 to 647 A. D.

A story is told by the sage chronicler which

Meets His
Angel

The Fall of
Paikje

One State
only, Silla

The Famous
Pagoda

in his mind marked her wisdom : When quite a little girl there came among other gifts from Tang, the seed of the peony and several beautiful paintings of this famous flower. How greatly they were admired. "But," said little Sun-tuk, "they have no fragrance. What a pity!" "How come you to think that?" asked her father. "If it had fragrance" said she, "there would be bees and butterflies about it." They planted the seed and in due time flowers bloomed but fragrance they had none. "My wise little daughter!" said the king, "She shall reign when I am gone."

Anyone visiting Kyung-joo will be deeply interested in the old Observatory that stands firm on its base as ever, built by Queen Sun-tuk in the year 647 A. D. for the purpose of reading the stars. It is said that she sat in this high tower to watch the constellations go by.

I look behind the world at this same time through the advancing hosts of Arabs and while I find great palaces, and beautiful ornaments, and carpets eighty feet long, no woman appears who can compare with Queen Sun-tuk of Silla, not only in the Arabian world, but east or west the wide world over.

As the seventh century drew to a close the one great and wise man of the peninsula was Sulchong (薛聰), son of a noted priest, Wun-hyo (元曉). In 692 A. D. King Hyo-so (孝昭王) had just come to the throne, and, having his counsellors about him he called on Sulchong. "Today" said the king, "the long rains have ceased and the soft breezes blow, tell us a good story, please. Call up something specially interesting from what you have seen and heard."

Sulchong replied, "Your humble servant once heard that when the king of the flowers first came to dwell among us he was planted in a garden with beautiful palings about it. Spring came and he opened up his wonderful world of colour. How proud he felt and with what contempt he treated all others. The common flowers and buds that bloomed jostled

each other in order to do him honour. Among them was the sweetest of all the *chang-mi* (薔薇), the rose, with its soft tinted cheeks, ivory teeth, pretty dress and graceful mien. She came stepping forward to say, 'Your humble servant has heard of the virtues of Your Majesty and so desires to give herself to you and share your pillow. Will you accept of me?'

"Just as she said this a gentleman stepped forward called the anemone, dressed in sack-cloth with leathern bag at his side, white cap on his head and staff in hand. Very awkward he seemed as he came forward bowing low and saying, 'Your humble servant is from the country where he dwells, a very common mortal, by the public highway. As I thought to myself I said, 'We need not only solid food but occasionally dainties, too, and medicines as well. Silks and satins, of course we have, without looking askance at ruder fabrics. Has Your Majesty thought it well through?' The king replied, 'Your words are good words, indeed, and yet so rare is perfect beauty that one knows not what to do.' The stranger then answered. 'The ruler who makes wise men his counsellors lives and flourishes, but he who gives himself up to pretty girls goes the downward way. It is easy to lose one's heart to a pretty face but very difficult to lend companionship to the good and wise. Mai Heui brought destruction on the state of Ha; Susi on Oh, while Mencius looked in vain for a wise king to guide and counsel.' The king asked pardon saying, 'I have done very badly.' He added, 'Your story is full of wise counsel, write it out, please, and let it stand as a warning.' "Thus was Sulchong called and appointed to high office.

The peony girl, the tinted rose, the smiling faced chrysanthemum were always a danger against which Oriental kings were warned. Yi Kyoo-bo (李奎報) writes four hundred years later, "Have you not heard that the glance of her eye is a sharpened blade; that her eyebrows are a double-faced headsman's axe;

Ancient
Warning

that her red cheeks are a deadly potion; that her soft flesh is a hidden demon that demands the soul. With her axe she strikes, with her blade she thrusts, with her hidden wiles she seeks my life, with her deadly draught she brings me down to guilt and shame. Is she not a danger? Among all my deadly foes

who can equal her? Therefore is she called a thief, a robber; one who means my death. How dare I make friends with her? So I say, put her far away! To the eye she is a delightful invitation but in reality she is a fearful evil."

A Baby Show at the Seoul Social Evangelistic Center

CORDELIA ERWIN

THE ACME OF BLISS for an oriental is to hold one's grandchild on one's knee.

Why shouldn't it be, for the most wonderful thing in the world is a baby. Quite naturally last year when the Social Evangelistic Center inaugurated its Welfare Work Department with a Baby Show one thousand babies, with their attendants arrived on the appointed afternoon! Manifestly it was impossible to examine and grade so many in such a limited time, but rather than send them away "freely" the workers sent to the nearest toy shop and bought the entire stock, sending each child away with a toy.

From last year's experience, Miss Rosenberger, R. N., in charge of this department, has been adapting the baby clinic to the needs of the community. She finds:

First, the parents really are most anxious to know how to best care for their little ones and

Second, the need for such work is very great.

"Prevention rather than cure" is the motto of this work, so a baby clinic is held every afternoon from 2 to 5 p. m. Sick babies come from far and near and when cured usually continue to come. However there are still some mothers who think they need not come unless baby is sick. Since last year mothers' meetings have been held twice a month with most helpful lectures and demonstrations from doctors and nurses. Two hundred and fifty babies are enrolled in the baby clinic and these are expected to come at least once a month for inspection and examination to see if they

are developing properly in every way. If deficient in any way the mother is instructed in specific preventative measures.

A beginning of public health instruction has been started in ten of the Christian primary schools in Seoul. All the pupils have had a health examination and this is being followed up by two hygiene lectures a month in each of the schools, given by a graduate nurse.

These activities form the foundation for the Better Baby movement. Spring is the proper time of the year to emphasize the babies' health, for this puts the mother on her guard against all the summer ills with their ensuing dangers. May the 15th and 16th was the date set this year and all day long they poured into the Center, to be received by American and Korean nurses in crisp white uniforms whose every movement showed efficiency—American and Korean doctors whose quick sure hands displayed skill and inspired confidence. This was indeed babies' day. They were weighed and measured, examined and classified. Here are a few of the twenty-two points on which they were examined; scalp, eyes, nose, mouth, neck, glands, posture, skin, behavior, etc. They were classified according to ages, and grades.

Medical treatment was given all those who needed it and the large auditorium was used as a waiting room. The mothers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins who came along to 'make a look-see' evinced the keenest interest in all the charts and posters hanging on the walls. All day long these were explained. When the day's work was done the doctors and nurses found they had so many splendid

babies it made judging between them an exceedingly difficult affair.

The 15th was a hospital holiday but the doctors and nurses most graciously waived their personal plans and worked hard all day long, computing the grades that night.

The second day was the public day. The big tent tabernacle was pitched on the playground and hundreds of people came. After songs, a Bible lesson and prayer (a great many of them had never been in a religious service before) talks were made on the care of infants, how to keep children well and why prizes were given. The Baby show was explained and why they could not all receive prizes.

The prizes given were very practical—beautiful big bath tubs for first prizes—suits of clothes for second prizes and blankets for third

prizes. Appropriate recognition was made of the mothers who had faithfully brought their babies to the clinic at least once a month for inspection and examination. Last but not least a small toy was given to those babies who did not receive prizes.

Dr. Douglas Avison, the baby specialist at Severance Hospital, declared he was forced to do an unprecedented thing—give two first prizes in one section—there were two perfect babies in that section and he gave the additional one. This condensed report would be very incomplete if mention was not made of the fact that the mothers of all the prize winning babies are Christian mothers and regular attendants at church. Is it too much to expect that God will raise up from among these little ones a Samuel or a David or a Paul?

Boyhood Days in Korea

DOUGLAS B. AVISON, M. D.

I WAS BORN IN FUSAN in the summer of 1893, in the home of the Rev. W. M.

Baird, on a Sunday just a week after my parents had set foot in Korea. Of this important event I remember nothing at all, my first clear recollection of boyhood days being of looking out of a train window in Japan and wondering what made the world outside move so. I was then nearly five years old and Korea as yet had no railways, electric cars or any of the many other things which we take as a matter of course to-day. On coming back from furlough a year later I remember riding on a train from Chemulpo to Seoul. It was night when we arrived and we children, in charge of a Korean, went ahead to our house at Koora-gai. It was pitch dark and there were no street lights so that people found their way about chiefly by instinct, their little paper lanterns lighted by a smelly, smoky, dirty little candle, serving to protect one against collisions rather than to light the way.

The next morning, declaring that we knew the way to the Moores' house just back of the Temple of Heaven, on the grounds of which is now the Chosen Hotel, my brother Wilber and I got permission to go to see John and Forest Moore, boys of our own age and good friends of ours. We were unsuccessful in our efforts to get to our destination and were eventually found by searchers in time for a late dinner. From that time on till 1907 when Mr. Moore died and Mrs. Moore and her children returned to America, nearly all our activities were in common with John and Forest. I remember how we used to pinch a little wheat occasionally from the mats on which it was spread out to dry by Chinamen, and the discovery that by chewing the wheat it became gum. This led to the formation of the first chewing gum company in Seoul. The factory was to be built in the Moores' yard. Wheat would provide the necessary raw materials and our jaws the requisite machinery. The premature collapse of the building as the

promoters sat on the top, nailing on the roofing, lost to Korea an important industry.

About this time we conceived the idea of a direct through-the-world shortcut to America and for some weeks engaged in digging operations. Our fertile brains constantly sought new avenues of outlet, failure in one merely giving rise to another, discouragement never seeming to present itself. It was in these early days, when the British-American elements of the younger set were about equal, that a new British-American war broke out. Armed with clubs and stones the two sides gave fearsome exhibitions of what war might be. The only objection Wilber and I had was that we were not allowed to be constant in our loyalty, the side we had to fight on being determined by the size of the respective armies at the time of each battle, we being always placed with the weaker side. The idea of the sticks and stones of course came from watching the great Korean national sport called the Pyun Sahm or Side-Fights. In this game picked teams of twenty or more men from opposing villages met on a field and with six or eight cornered clubs and slings met in open combat. Though it is true there was more noise than damage done yet it is also true that not a few of the patients admitted to the hospital in the Pyun Sahm season were casualties from these games.

Kite-flying, of course, was a great attraction in its proper season. Very few Koreans knew more of the art of this wonderful sport than we did. Our thread was given a cutting edge with the usual mixture of fish glue and ground china or glass; we knew the names of all kites by their color scheme, we knew how to cry out our challenge or to accept one and never hesitated to engage our kites in combat. The last day of the Korean New Year marked the closing of the kite season. At that time all males, old and young, after writing on their kites the sins of the past year, which they were conscious of having committed, flew them high in the heavens, and when they were mere specks in the sky broke their threads and

the kites disappeared in the distance carrying their masters' sins with them. Thus old Korea made her New Year's resolutions and started the New Year with a clean sheet. It was a glorious sport and it is with keen regret that I see it being relegated to an insignificant place by the inroads of telegraph and telephone wires.

There were no stores at which to buy Christmas presents in the old days, and as the Christmas season drew near we were thrown on our own resources to make our gifts for each other. These consisted of such things as reins which we crocheted with thumbs and fore-fingers, needle-holders, bags of iron filings for cleaning needles and so on. I remember once that a girl of whom my brother was very fond thought to do him special honour by sending him a bought present instead of a home-made one. It consisted of a pair of Chinese fur-lined ear-warmers. When laid down on the table they exhibited a distinct "Brownian Movement." Of them at least it could not be said "Nobody home" for they were well tenanted with lice. As I said above presents were not to be bought in stores.

Dishes of any kind were very difficult to obtain so that the thrifty missionary housewife used to save the broken pieces till the Chinese mender of shattered chinaware came around and made them serviceable again. It was near Christmas one time when, in reaching for something that was on top of a cupboard, I pulled over my head a basket full of such fragmentary chinaware. Five stitches closed the incident temporarily at least and if fever hadn't set in and kept from me taking my part with my two older brothers in singing "We Three Kings of the Orient Are," at the school concert, I would have forgotten all about it.

A school concert was an event not to be lightly missed, for there were no movies or other attractions of a similar nature then.

The close of the British-American war turned our thoughts to nation building. With the Moore boys and some others we formed what we called the Byging nation, claiming as our

country the whole of the South Mountain outside the city wall. There we made forts, we built a shack, and, by damming a stream made ourselves a little swimming pool. Situated in the heart of the woods it was a delightful place to go to. After a time we decided to admit Korean boys to citizenship, the one requirement being that they must have their hair cut. Knowing that willing consent could not be had from the parents to cut off the long braided pigtails which were then the fashion in Korea we decided to do the barbering ourselves without asking their permission. Our work was efficient if not decorative but the aggressiveness of the parents' protests closed our tonsorial parlors.

Going to the palace offered an attractive change from the daily monotony of our lives. Our servants always practised us in the art of bowing before the king in proper fashion. This consisted in a slow descent to the knees, placing the hands palm down on the floor in front of us and then touching the forehead to the floor three times. Whether we did it well or not I do not know, but the king seemed always pleased with our performance and rewarded us with candies, fans or other things and sometimes took us on his lap. In the early part of the Russo-Japanese war the palace was burned down and the king moved to what was then the Royal Library and which more recently served as the Seoul Men's Club. American marines were quartered in the old Underwood home just in front of the library building. Here the little Prince Yi, who now lives in Japan with a Japanese wife, used to come with his retinue of retainers, all in their gorgeous silks, and often amused the marines and us by ordering them to climb trees or walls. The orders were met with slight protests and implicit obedience. Our own native language was that of the boys amongst whom we played and altogether unsuited to address to royalty. His insistence that we stay and play with him, when his attendants would have sent us away for our unintentional rudeness, was a tribute to the democratic spirit of

the boy who was expected to be the future emperor.

About 1900 an occasional Japanese circus came to the city. One morning while watching workmen put up a big tent for one of these Wilber and I were delighted by being asked to take part in the show as performers that very afternoon. Mother was unwell and had gone to the River House for a rest, for some inexplicable reason leaving her five quiet boys behind in the city. We thought it would be unwise or something to speak to father about our good fortune and after a hurried lunch we returned to the circus to take our part. Of course the appearance of two white boys amongst the performers was a great attraction, which unfortunately was too good to last, for in the very first act a clown fell on my leg, breaking it just above the ankle, so that I had to be carried home where, in the course of putting on the splints and bandages, I thought I heard Father make some remark about breaking something else for me if I hadn't broken my leg. I felt I had been fortunate. After the cast was put on and I had been provided with crutches made out of the famous Korean red-wood, I was able to play tag and hide-an'-go-seek and so let off some of my pent-up energy. For some weeks after the case was removed I was lame, and the Korean boys used to call after me, "O—h limp-leg." This bothered me a good deal, especially as I was unable to give chase and administer the proper rebuke. When I got well the nickname was dropped!

Those of my readers who have stuck with it thus far must be wondering if we did nothing to justify ourselves as sons of missionaries. If so they have sadly wronged us. Every Sunday we went out through the lanes and alleys picking up those whom we thought needed the inspiration of a Sunday School. Most of them we bribed with promises of picture cards, and those who did not come willingly we often forced to come. In this way we collected on our porch a considerable group of boys each Lord's Day, and told them as best we

could all we knew of the love of Jesus and of the terrors of judgment for those who were bad. While most of our days were happy ones we yet tasted of the bitter, and also suffered a little in the sacrifice which is part of the game of the mission field. I remember watching, and feeling, too, some of the pain that tears the heart strings when it came time to start the break-up of the home circle, as Father and Mother sent their two older children off to America to get the schooling that could not be got out here. Lawrence was about sixteen then and my sister Lera two years younger. I picture her yet sitting alone in the parlor at the piano just an hour so before leaving, running her fingers over the keys and playing pieces which Mother had loved to teach her and which she had loved to learn. If one did not understand the circumstances one might have supposed that there had been a death in the house, for no one seemed to have much to say, and every eye was moist and every heart aching at this, for us children at least, the first break in the family circle.

After they had gone our school life in Korea was very unsatisfactory, consisting of short intervals of schooling with longer intervals without it. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Father and Mother decided that we four boys should go to China to school, so in 1904 we were sent to the China Inland Mission Boys' School at Chefoo. Wilber was almost thirteen and I almost eleven, John Moore about my age and Forest a year younger. Other boys and some girls from all over Korea soon joined us so that we had quite a Korea crowd. We got home twice a year for short

holidays. I heard Father once remark of this going to Chefoo that it was as though the parents were teaching their little ones to fly alone, this being but a short venture from the home nest, which would make the greater flight which must come later more easy. That came just before I was fifteen. I have since then grown to manhood and become a missionary myself.

When I left Canada with my wife I was made to see something of the sacrifice that parents had made in those old days of long ago, as I now saw my wife take leave of her loved ones. Then too, I already look with a sore heart to the future, as I see my own children grow up around me and think not only of the pain of the coming separation to us, as parents, but of what it means for them to be without parents at a time in life when they might seem to need them most. Tourists who travel in strange lands, in the joy of a pleasure trip, and who are disappointed because they see missionaries comfortably housed, and because they sit down to a meal with missionaries as good as they can get at home, should look back and look forward if they would see what the missionary gives up when he or she decides to work for the Master in foreign lands. Yet the sacrifice is small as compared with the joy of the service and none of us would be here if we did not feel that this is where Christ would have us.

This brings me to the end of my narrative. I have had a lot of fun recalling "Ye goode olde tymes," as I have been writing it and, I hope, that those who have waded through it to the end have not suffered from ennui.

Some Successful Korean Students

Dr. H. Y. Oh, a graduate of Severance Medical College, and now taking post graduate work at Emory University Medical School, has been elected President of the Korean Student Federation in U.S.A. Dr. Oh is a son of Dr. K. Oh, Dean of Severance Medical School.

One of the graduates of Severance Medical College, Dr. C. S. Kim, took the degree of Doctor of Public Health at Johns Hopkins University and is now

on his way to Korea, via Europe, to become Professor of Bacteriology and Public Health on the staff of the Severance institutions.

A former student of the Chosen Christian College, P. Oakman Chough, has taken the degree of Ph. D. in Economics from Columbia University, and has been appointed a professor in the Commercial Department of the Chosen Christian College.

On the Way to Shanghai

A. F. ROBB

WITH MANY OTHERS I was much interested in Mr. Rhodes' notes of his trip via Suez. I am starting on the same route and would have liked a little more information about the journey from Seoul to Shanghai. As some are contemplating this trip and many more hope to make it, I thought I would respond to the Editor's request for an article for the next issue of the "K. M. F." by sending some travel notes.

A second-class ticket from Seoul to Peking costs ¥47.39 and sleeper, 2 nights, ¥6 or ¥9. But second-class from Mukden to Peking is poor and apt to be very crowded, and one needs a first-class ticket in order to get a sleeping berth. I transferred to first at Shan Hai Kwan at 9:30 P. M. and paid \$4 Mex. extra for 1st class from there to Tientsin.

Leaving Seoul at 8:05 A. M. one arrives at Mukden at 6:40 next morning. This gives an opportunity to see something of Mukden by ricksha, carriage or auto before the Peking express leaves at 10:15. At the exchange office in the railway station I changed what Japanese money I had in my pockets for Chinese currency. An English-speaking Chinaman greeted me in front of the station, called a carriage, mounted with the driver and pointed out the places of interest. I saw the old and new towns, the old city wall about 30 feet high, the old Manchu palace buildings, Chang So Lin's residence and office, a 700 year old pagoda and visited the old Buddhist Temple buildings now deserted and falling into disrepair. Carriage rates are a yen an hour. I paid the guide ¥2 which included a tip he gave the temple keeper. I think he would have been happy with a yen for himself as I have a suspicion he got a commission from the cab-driver also. If you want more time in Mukden, you can wait till the night express.

There is not much to be seen on the day's run over the sandy Manchurian plains. It

was after dark when we reached Shan Hai Kwan, so I did not see the Great Wall of China which here reaches the coast. At 6:35 next morning we reached Tsintsin (East station) and I stopped off to see the foreign concessions there. It is well worth half a day's visit and the express which leaves at 3:55 P. M. takes one into Peking about seven.

I will not attempt to describe the sights of Peking. But I would advise all intending visitors to get before leaving home "Cook's Guide to Peking, North China, South Manchuria and Chosen," price ¥2 (Cook should give the "K.M.F." an adv.) With this and its excellent map of Peking one can make his way around Peking quite easily without the assistance of a guide, except for special places such as the Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven and the Summer Palace, at the entrance of which places guides offer their services. I got an English-speaking ricksha man for a dollar (Mex.) a day. The English Hostel, kept by an independent missionary, Dr. Margaret Phillips at 13 Nan Wan Tyu, I found an excellent place to stop. It was a Manchu *yangban's* home and is centrally located, only a block from the Central Hotel, Astor House and the Hotel de Pekin, Cook's Office and the Post Office. (Rates for room and meals: Mex. \$3.50 in summer or \$4 in winter) accommodation is limited and I was told that Central Hotel is good and moderately priced. One should have at least four days in Peking to see the chief sights; but I had only three (excluding Sunday) and omitted the Summer Palace, choosing instead to spend a day in visiting the Great Wall of China and seeing only from the train to the Wall the chief tower of the Summer Palace and the Jade Fountain Pagoda in the distance.

Those going on furlough will have travelers' Cheques which they can cash anywhere. If I were making a round trip to Peking and

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

Shanghai I would buy bank drafts on those places for what I needed. The customs examination at Antung is not bothersome for ordinary travellers.

The Blue Express for Pukow via Tientsin leaves Peking at 9:10 A. M. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Railway fare to Shanghai second-class including sleeper to Pukow is \$ 44 Mex. I found it very comfortable and the meals on the Chinese trains are good and reasonable in price. First-class compartments have two instead of four berths and first-class fare is about \$70. Leaving Peking on Wednesday morning we were due at Pukow at 2:30 P. M. on Thursday and at Shanghai at 10 the same night. But the new Governor of Shantung was moving troops north to Tsinan Fu. There was no fighting and no urgency compelling an interference with train schedules, but the military high-handedly took the right of way, compelling the regular trains to wait their pleasure. We were held up just outside of Tsinan Fu at 10:00 P. M. and kept there all night because the railway yard was filled with troop trains and soldiers were camping in the station. By 7:00 A. M. half of the platform had been cleared and we were allowed to enter the station. Then we were shunted to a siding and kept till 10 o'clock while two more troop trains came in. Down the line we met other troop trains, among them a train load of Russian "White" soldiers. Grain and other freight has been stacked up at every station for months because the military have commandeered the rolling stock. So it was after noon that we reached Pukow,—22 hours late. The ferry landing adjoins the station and porters carry your luggage on board the steamer. Quickly crossing the muddy Yangtse you are in Nankin. Porters swarm on to the ferry to carry your luggage ashore. You can follow your porter to the station about ten

minutes' walk distant, or yield yourself and your luggage to one of the many rickshas or carriages which clamor for your patronage on the landing.

On the Nankin-Shanghai line also the military have taken passenger and freight cars so as to interfere with traffic. We found the 4 P. M. train had been taken off, and there was no train till 11 P. M. All the sleeper accommodation had been sold. It is usually sold out two days in advance. I spent the afternoon viewing the city from a ricksha and dirty and delapidated it looks. Nankin University has some fine buildings in a nice situation. Some one recommended the Bridge Hotel if I wanted to stay all night, but I didn't. On returning to the station at 6:30 I found the train at the platform, and, accustomed to the Japanese method of opening the gates about ten minutes before the train leaves, I was surprised to find that I could go aboard. I did so and got a nap before the train filled up. Promptly at eleven we pulled out with a full train. The seats are short and not very wide and we dozed uncomfortably through the night. Passing Soochow at 5 A. M. we saw the famous pagoda within the city wall, and reached the busy part of Shanghai at 7. The Missionary House, (所公士教) 38 Quinsan Road, is only ten minutes distant by ricksha from the station. Here you will get every attention and meet missionaries from all over China. Rates are Mex. \$ 3 or more a day according to size and location of room.

I see the Chosen Yusen Kaisha is advertising a steamer from Shanghai to Chemulpo and Chinnampo calling at Tsingtao. If one were not going on furlough this would be the quickest and cheapest way to return to Korea.

I am looking forward to seeing you all again next year.

Diet as an Important Factor in the Cure of Sprue

(Originally Delivered before the Women's Club of Seoul)

MRS. WM C. KERR

"THE FLESH-POTS of Egypt!" What sprue victim has not sighed for them, and yet again who is there that does not know that in them lies his ruin? For in the treatment of this disease, which is becoming more and more prevalent among foreigners in the Orient, there are few drugs of any avail; serums are used seldom if at all, and the main dependence is on diet, to control and to cure.

That being the case, we may well look into this subject, since in the hands of the housewife, as dietician, lies the fate of any sprue patients who come within her domain. The problem is not how to keep within the diet prescribed (anyone with self-control can do that and *starve*) but to positively build up a depleted system and increase the weight, while keeping within the restrictions. Herein lies the challenge to the person who is willing to make a little extra effort for the sake of bringing about the desired results.

Within the limits of this paper no attempt will be made to lay down diet rules. That is the province of physicians and as they differ among themselves in regard to details, the suggestions made herein will follow, in general, only the underlying principles agreed upon by all, and leave it to the individual to select what may best apply in his own case.

When the patient is first taken under a doctor's care, he is likely to be placed on a diet of milk only. This is no great hardship to one who is fond of milk, in a place where the fresh product is available. But to one dependent upon canned cream, the following variations in flavor will usually be allowed after the first few days are passed:—

Weak coffee made by boiling the ground coffee directly in milk instead of water.

Cocoa made of milk, and flavored with saccharine (of which further mention will be made later.)

Clam broth made with milk.

Oyster stew, the oysters being removed before serving.

This list by no means exhausts the possibilities but will doubtless be suggestive of similar, though slightly differing variations on the one theme: MILK. For instance, to take the water that almost any vegetable is boiled in, and add an equal quantity of canned cream makes a far more appetizing dish than plain, straight milk. Where fresh milk is obtainable, junket may be used freely.

During this period the laboratory acidity test will doubtless be made by the physician every week or oftener, and the extent to which that test is satisfactory will determine when it is safe to go on to the next stage.

When that time comes, the patient is apt to gain permission to browse cautiously among certain simple foods as, for example:—milk, eggs, fresh fish, chicken, fruits not highly acid, simple vegetables such as a baby is first allowed (always with the exception of potatoes), the Japanese bean-curd ("Tofu" in Japanese, or "Too boo" in Korean), rice, other cereals in moderation, but not wheat. This sounds liberal indeed, and so it is by comparison, but the patient must exercise great caution, and advance into the alluring variety of such a diet no faster than is warranted by consideration of the returns from the acidity tests. If at any time the systemic acidity increases instead of continuing on the wane toward normal, a very wise measure is to drop back to milk for two or three days, and after that to advance to the more liberal diet with less delay than was necessary the first time.

Before one has been very long following this diet, he or his cook will come face to face with some such questions as these:—

1. How to prepare eggs that will be palatable without bread or toast to eat with them?
2. How to make cream sauce when flour is ruled out?
3. How to make scalloped dishes without bread or cracker crumbs?
4. How to make salads without acid for the dressing?
5. How to do without sugar in preparing desserts?
6. What to use for a bread substitute?

There are those who hold that it is puerile to consider such points, but just so surely as they are ignored will the patient be robbed of something important that is his due. The more closely his meals can be made to approximate those of normal people, the less conscious will he be of the differences, and the more easily tempted into taking the amount of food necessary to build him up.

In answer to the above questions, it may be said :

1. Do not try to serve poached or soft-boiled eggs. If they are scrambled, or mixed with milk, salt and butter and either steamed or baked in a cup, or made into a fluffy omelet, they will go down tolerably easily, even when nothing like bread is allowed.

2. For thickening gravies use crnstarch, if allowed, or pure arrowroot. That commonly sold by the Japanese under either of the above names is at least in part potato flour and should be avoided.

3. For scalloping, use cooked rice, or puffed rice, or crumbs of sprue crackers, which will be mentioned later.

4. For salads, make a pseudo-mayonnaise dressing of egg-yolk, carnation cream (undiluted) and salt. This is far more palatable than one would imagine.

5. In making desserts, recognize clearly that saccharine can be no adequate substitute for sugar. It is a coal-tar product, which comes in tiny white granules or crystals, is 300 to 500 times sweeter than the same quantity of sugar, but has also a most disagreeable, drug-like flavor, *only noticeable if too much is used*. Do not on that account discard it, but learn by experimenting how much can be used. A small pinch is plenty for a quart of milk, but no one, in using it should expect results as sweet as we are accustomed to have with sugar.

6. For a bread substitute try the following:

Sprue crackers

- 1 Cup rice flour
- 2 Cups barley flour
- 3 Teaspoonsful baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ " salt
- 2 or 3 Tablespoonsful butter
- 1 Egg
- Milk enough to roll out thin.

As soon as cheese is allowed modified cheese straws may be made by this recipe. Or, make small pie-crust shells of this mixture rolled very thin. Bake and keep them on hand to be filled with saccharine custard, or stewed figs, prunes or raisins, thickened with arrowroot, if desired, or a chocolate cornstarch mixture, or fresh fruit cut up.

It is surprising how much of a boon these Sprue crackers are to one who has been limited to soft foods, and craves something crisp and crunchy!

It may not be out of place at this point to give a simple menu for one day, which could doubtless be followed at least in part, at a fairly early stage in the progress toward health. It represents something between 2,000 and 2,200 calories as it stands.

Breakfast:

- Banana
- Puffed rice with cream or milk
- Omelet
- Milk-coffee

10:30 A.M.

Egg-nog, sprue crackers, and cottage cheese

Lunch :

- Chicken broth
- Oysters scalloped with rice or corn-flakes
- Spinach
- Fruit salad (see above for dressing)
- Tapioca cream pudding with figs

4:30 P.M.

- Junket and crackers, or
- Vegetable cream soup and crackers

Supper :

- Sliced chicken
- Rice baked in milk
- Creamed carrots (arrowroot used for thickening)
- Apple sago pudding with soft custard

9:00 P.M.

- Cocoa with sprue crackers

This is only one of a dozen that might easily be prepared without many repetitions. For example there is rice and chicken, or rice and chicken gravy, mild curry and rice, noodles made at home from rice flour, baked with cheese if that is allowed, or merely with milk or cream sauce. There is the whole gamut of soufflés to be gone over, and the Japanese tofu mentioned above. This may be broken

THE PYENGYANG COUNTRY CLASS

up with a fork ; milk, eggs and salt added, and baked in a way that will tempt even the healthy. Or it may be browned in slices on the frying pan, using the soy-sauce, (shoyu) but no fat to fry in.

Make it a principle to cook everything possible in milk instead of water ; breakfast cereals, rice etc. and to throw in eggs a-plenty

to bring up the nourishing and fattening qualities as fast as the patient is able to stand the increase in the number of calories. Remember that the system has been starved and must be built up if the disease is to be thrown off successfully.

(To be continued)

The Pyengyang Country Class

(As Kimsi Might Tell It.)

LOUISE B. HAYES.

IT WAS SNOWING when we started from the village, a wet, clinging snow that soaked through our padded jackets, and settling on the slippery mud of the road, made walking very difficult. But did we complain? Not a bit, for we were off for twelve glorious days of fellowship and inspiration at the Pyengyang class for country women. Nine of us—four who had been last year, two new-believers, and three village girls who had been put in my care. It was only 18 li to the railroad, and our bundles, though they contained all the rice, extra clothing, and books which we would need while gone, were not too heavy to balance on our heads. The children were as excited as magpies, and the older women thrilled with anticipation, so the way did not seem long, and after three hours on the train we found ourselves among the tall smoke-stacks, whizzing autos and rattling street-cars of Pyengyang. How we laughed at the amazement of little Poksuni, who in all her twelve years had never been out of her village. But we did not linger for sight-seeing, there would be other days for that.

At the gate of the Women's Bible Institute compound whom should we meet coming in from the opposite direction but Paksi, one of my roommates of last year, and whom I had not seen, of course, since that time. She was as delighted as I, and we had so much to tell each other, we might have been talking yet if other friends had not run out to meet us and

hurried us off to Hansi, the matron, for our room assignment. Over five hundred had already enrolled, so the few dormitory rooms were all packed, and I and my tribe were sent to the auditorium of the new Men's Bible Institute. We deposited our bundles, and taking out our rice, spoons and bowls, hurried to the outdoor kitchen where a fire was blazing, and soon had our first meal ready to eat. We had no delicacies—no kimchi—nothing but millet and rice, but it was so well seasoned with spicy bits of news and laughing chatter, we thought it was a feast. The room where we ate was packed with people, so there would have been no room for a table even if we had had one.

Tired as we were, we could not settle down to sleep until the "lights-out" bell had clanged its third warning. There were about eighty women and girls sleeping in that one room ; straw placed under the mats, and a roaring fire in the stove, made the room not uncomfortable. We lay in rows, as close as we could pack, and that too helped to keep us warm ; and of course we kept all the windows closed. About three o'clock in the morning some of the older women got up and started singing and praying, but most of us slept till the bell rang for prayers at five o'clock. And the great class had begun.

Every morning at nine we gathered for chapel, and then separated to our classes ; fourteen divisions with two classes each,

besides classes in reading, writing, Chinese and numbers for those who wished. Of the 878 who enrolled, about 300 were girls, so special classes were held for them and for the old women. In the evenings the meetings were held at the big West Gate church—a half hour of singing, and then a service led by some prominent pastor, foreign or Korean. On the first evening I had a scare. We had finished our supper and when I was ready to leave for the church, I could not find Poksuni. I ran through the rooms, calling; ran to the other building, asking everyone I met, but not a trace of the child who had been entrusted to me. Had she wandered out and got lost? Or had she perhaps gone on to the church without me? At last I hurried off to the church, but looking over the heads of nearly a thousand women, I could not detect the one I sought. So I marched up on the platform. The meeting was in full swing, and the missionary motioned to me to sit down, but I continued to stand till at last she stopped to see what I wanted.

"Is Kim Poksuni here? I shouted, and after

a minute there was a rustling: Poksuni and a new-found friend, arms about each other, had been whispering confidences in the shelter of the stove! Every body laughed, but I can tell you I gave her a good scolding, then and there.

Well, it was a great class. Inspiration in the classes and Christian fellowship outside. One day we were invited to the missionaries' homes to play games, listen to the phonograph and drink tea. Another afternoon we all went to the Union Christian College and in their laboratory saw how street cars run, and how the human body is hung together. And one day we had a Bible-question spell-down.

I think we were all sorry when the time came to go back to our homes. The children cried and vowed eternal friendships, and we all agreed to come back next year and renew the friendships we had made. We were sorry to go, but we carried back with us a new enthusiasm and an inspiration that will not only last us until next spring, but will spread through the village, and make others long for the blessings we have received.

"That One Face"

BY BISHOP HERBERT WELCH

Brief Digest prepared by Gerald Bonwick

Studies of America, Christ and the Far East, being the Fondren Lectures of 1924 at the Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, U. S. A. \$1.25. pp. 113. Cokesbury Press. (Send orders to the C. L. S. of Korea, Seoul).

THE AUTHOR has used his experiences in the Far East to good purpose by the production of these five lectures on the relationship of Asia and America, past, present and future. Eastern Asia, once so far in advance of Western nations in science, culture and religion, is discovered, after centuries of slumber, by fifteenth century adventurers, and the story of her gradual despoiling and disenchantment is related. The past has gone and what does the Orient lack today? Unity, leadership, peace, Christianity. "The U. S. A., by common recognition, is the leader of the favored and enlightened West, and the heavy

end of whatever obligation exists to needy races is upon us Americans. Unless we deny duty, humanity, God, there is no escape."

What has America to give? We read of "her superiority in practically every branch of sport and athletics, of the skill of American oratory, of American diplomacy marked by an open-mindedness and altruism often lacking in foreign diplomacy." "On the other hand a recent cultivated American writer says that our people are generally dyspeptic, many are vulgar, and that ideals, noble behavior, intellectual enjoyments, the pleasures of the arts, music, poetry, and the pursuit and practice of

the simple life have been left behind in our devotion to work and politics."

Yet, with it all, may not America claim to come as near as any nation to the ideals laid down by a recent writer who suggests six proper and wise purposes of life, namely, Health, Good family life, Wholesome employment of leisure, Enjoyment of beauty, Development of science and Universal education. To these Bishop Welch adds—General prosperity, Individual freedom, and Religion as a vital force. According to the measure in which America has possessed herself of these she is able to pass them across the Pacific.

Great world tendencies are easy of detection. —Democracy, Emancipation, Socialization, Conservation, Education, Unification are among the ideals that America may pass on to the Orient by example and precept. "The same relation should prevail between states as between individual citizens; just as between gentlemen courtesy, patience, comprehension, unselfishness, are due, so between nations." But "we Americans are heartily convinced that our spirit and aims are thoroughly non-imperialistic, that no nation can truthfully complain of American aggression; our only trouble is that the peoples to the west and south of us do not seem to be quite so sure of this as we ourselves are! They have watched, with at least acute interest, the occupation of the continent—our spread to Texas, the Pacific Coast, Alaska, and our extension to Hawaii and the Philippines. They have noted somewhat carefully, if not apprehensively, our dealings with Hayti and Porto Rico and Panama, and in general the republics of Central and South America." "To play the part of peacemaker America must purge herself of prejudices, old and new, and of all small and

selfish motives. She must make herself one with her sister nations, bear the responsibilities which belong to strength, and pass a self-denying ordinance renouncing all false ambition, all narrow nationalism."

"That One Face" is the title of the last chapter. "Christianity alone can solve the problem which it has helped to create. The way out is always forward." "Edwin Markham, the poet of democracy has put it well;

He drew a circle which left me out;
Heretic, alien, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win—
We drew a circle that took him in.

Christianity is always on the side of the larger circle." "Read a few words by a world-traveller, a civil administrator under the British government: The missionaries of Christianity have taught the great imperishable dogmas of Pity, of the Brotherhood of Mankind of Sobriety, Continnence, Honesty, Respect for Justice, Truth and Reason, and the maintenance of a healthy mind in a healthy body.'"

"Where shall China and Japan and Korea secure these spiritual qualities? I do not know any teacher, any reformer, any savior, who can give these qualities to the Far East, unless it be our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." "All that war can achieve is purely negative, it has no constructive power. We believe in the agencies of peace, in hospitals and orphanages and schools and churches and love more than in bullets and bombs and torpedoes. We believe in Jesus Christ!"

These few extracts give some slight idea of the contents of a book that is all too short for its subject. To grasp the entire argument the whole must be read, for every line is afire with forceful conviction. We heartily commend it to our readers.



Are Itinerators in Korea Making the Wisest Use of their Time?

BY ONE WHO ITINERATES.

SERIOUS THINKING over the matter for several years has forced the writer to answer this question in the negative. It seems that concentration should be one of the chief watchwords of the day. There was a time when it was very necessary for the foreign missionary to spread out over a wide extent of territory and let his activity and energy range in many different directions. But it seems to me that the day has come when, in the wise conservation of force and talent, a different policy should be pursued and that for the following reasons.

First, the present method of intensive itineration is a needless exposure of the health of a very costly agent. There are those of unusually vigorous constitutions who can undergo such exposure and get away with it, but others are in constant danger of succumbing.

A recent trip to the country under trying circumstances brings home a few very vivid and prosaic facts to the mind of at least one itinerator. Leaving home in the early afternoon on a bicycle, he found himself facing a stiff and cold northeast wind. It took all of his strength to pull against it on the level, so he was forced to walk when there was the slightest incline. Moreover, he found the road impassible in places for a bicycle. Altogether, he was forced to walk at least half the way. This was not counted a hardship in itself, for he often walks fifty or sixty *li* and thinks little of it. But this condition made the walker late in reaching his destination.

On arrival he was shown his room, which was about eight by six feet square or less, with four walls and a ceiling of the most unattractive mud he has ever seen, there not being a scrap of paper on the walls. The floor was covered with a rough grass mat on which sat quite a number of sightseers waiting to in-

spect the American rascals, with his big nose and "eyes sunk in fifteen miles". The dust in the room was almost stifling and curls of tobacco smoke added to the suffocation.

The mud of the walls together with 25 cakes of moulding wheat mash—and the crowd of people—gave out an odour that had best be left to the imagination. The itinerator was told that the room, though a bad one, was at least warm. He found that by sitting on the *hot spot* he could keep from freezing—but alas! that was a fatal mistake, or at least by doing that he attracted a multitude more of the small creeping, jumping varieties of life than he otherwise would have done. That night he had little sleep and the next morning the sheets looked as if they had been sprinkled with blood. The cook tried to warm up the room with a brazier of charcoal, but the missionary soon developed such a headache from the gas fumes that that method had to be given up. The people are so accustomed to such things and so good natured and courteous in trying to make the missionary comfortable, that one hasn't the heart to complain. It seems to the writer that it is usually best to grin and endure.

If on this occasion it was cold in the room, it was much more so in the church. The believers in this place had bought an old dilapidated house which they were gradually making over into a church building, but it was still in the process. There was just the cold damp floor over which grass mats were spread to sit on. Two of the doors were not yet in and of course there was no stove. It seemed to the missionary that with all the wraps he could put on he would freeze stiff before the service was over but he felt ashamed of his weakness when he saw the congregation, just clothed in thin white garments, seeming either not to feel the

cold, or else suppressing any uncomfortable feeling that they had. Conditions are not always as above described, but frequently they are as bad or worse.

Such conditions, together with the change of water and the kind of food that one is forced to eat in the country, lead to colds, rheumatism, constipation, and other disorders, only the unusually husky being exempt. In our own Mission practically all of the older itinerators have been either laid aside or are only able to do part work. Now we ought to be willing to undergo such, and worse conditions, if it is necessary for the cause. But is it? I am sure that none of us want to shirk any hardship that is necessary and would be willing to even die if it is the will of our Master. It has been necessary in the past, but there is to the mind of the writer, an overwhelming conviction that the time has come when very much of that kind of life is not the wisest and best use of the missionaries' time. And that brings me directly to the second point which is as follows:

Natives are fast being raised up who can do this work as well if not better than the missionary. There may be a few among the missionary body, of conspicuous executive ability, who are able to handle the administrative and financial side of the work better than any native. But many of us have no special talents along those lines and feel that our chief work lies in other directions, especially in teaching the vital truths of the Gospel to those who shall tell others also. We feel greatly handicapped in this when trying to solve the administrative problems of a wide district and when forced to spend much time in such trying circumstances as related above. No man can give out the best that is in him at such times. On the other hand the native workers are used to such conditions and are able to endure much more than the foreigner.

And not only this, but the native brethren, especially in the ruling bodies, have come to the time when they are more and more insisting on native leadership. This is as it should be. Then, since that is true, and since there

are men coming on who can take the missionary's place why shouldn't more of them be placed in charge of circuits that the missionary now has charge of? There are graduates of seminaries now who have no field of work simply because there are no churches that are able to call them. In some instances, by helping out a little with mission funds they could be placed in charge of a circuit. Our own mission has a rule that no mission money should go to the support of native pastors. That should probably be strictly adhered to in cases of settled pastors with four or less churches. But it seems to the writer that with a view to a conservation of missionary force and energy that the time has come to relent somewhat in the case of larger circuits, and in cooperation with Presbytery or other native courts, to place some of these capable men in such positions.

The third point is that more of our missionary force is needed in the work of concentration. Paul finally settled in the large centers in which he stayed for months and years at a time. Frankly, the writer does not believe that our work is the evangelization of Korea, but the training of natives who will carry on this work of evangelization. So to this end we need more spiritually endowed workers in our educational institutions, longer periods of time given to training in our Bible institutes and Bible classes. And one of the most crying needs is for more and better translations of Christian and wholesome literature. We may say modestly that the missionary has had a training that better fits him than the average native pastor or worker for such tasks. So why should he not be given more opportunity to use his equipment in a more concentrated way, rather than to dissipate his energies by trying to spread out too much. This doesn't mean, that he should give up direct evangelistic work, he should continue to preach each Sunday if not oftener. He should go to certain centrally located churches out in the field, he should perhaps still be in charge of a small district, but the bulk of his time should not be spent in running around or trying to work under conditions that make it impossible for him to give out the best that is in him.

Notes and Personals

Birth

To Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Young on May 13th, a daughter, Margaret Jane Fitzpatrick.

Death

Mrs. John Orkney, formerly a missionary in Korea with the Oriental Missionary Society, after some months' illness in Phoenix, Arizona, passed to her reward on May 15th.

Returned from Furlough

Miss Esteb returned on April 24th and has taken charge of the hospital at Chungju and two dispensaries, with two Korean physicians and two nurses.

Left on Furlough

Rev. A. F. Robb, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, departed on April 24th.

The following leave early in July, all being of the Northern Presbyterian Mission:- Dr. and Mrs. Lampe and children, Rev. and Mrs. F. F. Hamilton and children, Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Mowry and children, Mrs. J. C. Thomas, Miss J. Delmarter, Miss Lisette Miller, Miss E. B. Grimes Mrs. R. E. Winn and children, and Mrs. A. S. Harvey.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McAfee have spent a number of useful weeks in different parts of Korea; including special series of lectures at the two seminaries at Pyengyang and Seoul, and the whole of the Northern Presbyterian Annual Mission Meeting.

We regret to hear that Rev. Eugene Bell, D. D., experienced a serious seizure while attending the annual meetings of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, at Mokpo on Sunday, June 21st.

Dr. A. I. McLaren and Mrs. McLaren have both been very seriously ill but we are glad to hear that both are considerably better and the Dr. has resumed his duties at the Severance College.

Dr. C. C. Hopkirk has been appointed a Field Secretary of the Mission to Lepers. His headquarters are Room 1302, Chicago Temple, 77 Washington Street, Chicago.

Dates of Future Meetings

Presbyterian General Assembly, Sun. Sept. 13th.

C. L. S. Trustees Annual Mtg. Fri. Sept. 18th.
Federal Council Meetings Sat. Sept. 19th to 23rd.

C. L. S. Annual Meeting Mon. Sept. 20th, 8 p. m.

K. F. S. Association Annual Meeting, Tues. Sept. 21st. 8 p. m.

Bible Committee, Annual Meeting, Thur. Sept. 24th. 9:30 a. m.

Severance College Board, Fri. Sept. 25th. 9:30 a. m. (?)

Chosen Christian College, Sat. Sept. 26th. 9:30 a. m. (?)

Correspondence

To the Editor,

"THE KOREA MISSION FIELD"

Dear Sir:—

May I set right certain misapprehensions caused by my contribution to the April "K. M. F." In the first place I am not opposed to schools, or efforts to develop our school work. Kept within reasonable limits and properly equipped with a Christian teaching force, schools are among our best hopes for this land. To no place do I go with more grateful appreciation to speak than to a school.

The school question today, however, seems in danger of getting all out of bounds and carrying with it nearly the whole missionary finance of the Church. This I think bad management on our part and I am opposed to it. Schools are a contributing factor to the impression we desire to make. Accompanied by an ever-increasing output of good literature and an organized Church that is alive and doing its part faithfully, schools will help, I am sure, to an impression for good and an impression that will be lasting.

JAMES S. GALE.

Manford's

SEIDAIMON
SEOUL, CHOSEN.



BLANKETS

DRESS GOODS

TRAVELLING RUGS, DOWN QUILTS,
SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY,
COOKING UTENSILS, OIL STOVES, NOTIONS,
FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
UMBRELLAS AND WALKING
STICKS, ATHLETIC GOODS



WOOL YARNS

(ENGLISH)

Leather Goods, Needle Cases, Mirrors, Padlocks, Tickings,
Sheetings, Linens, Wool Flannel, Etc.

GOLF GOODS

Only foreign made goods are stocked,
IMPORTED DIRECT FOR MANFORD'S

WRITE TO US.

CHOSEN AND MANCHURIA

"Trains & Hotels of Luxury & Comfort"

TRAIN SERVICE

FUSAN-MUKDEN	} THROUGH TRAINS:	Twice a day.
DAIREN-CHANGCHUN		
FUSAN-NANDAIMON (SEOUL) EXPRESS TRAINS:		Once a day.

CONNECTIONS

AT FUSAN: Fusan-Shimonoseki Ferry Service (for Japanese Gov't Rys).
 AT CHANGCHUN: Chinese Eastern Ry. (for the Trans-Siberian Route).
 AT CHANGCHUN: Kirin-Changchun Line of the Chinese Gov't Railway.
 AT MUKDEN: Peking-Mukden Line of the Chinese Gov't Railway.

STEAMER SERVICE

STEAMERS: SAKAKI MARU (3,402 tons); KOBE MARU (2,923 tons).
 Sailings: DAIREN-TSINGTAO-SHANGHAI; Twice a week. One steamer calling at Tsingtao on the outward trip and the other on the homeward, thus two stops in a week.

HOTELS

CHOSEN HOTEL: Keijo (Seoul); STATION HOTELS: Fusan and Shingishu.
 HOTELS IN KONGOSAN: Onseiri and Joanji (Opened only June-October).
 YAMATO HOTELS: Dairen, Hoshigaura, Port Arthur, Mukden, and Changchun.

TICKET AGENCIES

INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR CO.	THOS. COOK AND SON.
NORDISK RESEBUREAU.	JAPAN TOURIST BUREAU.

SOUTH MANCHURIA RAILWAY COMPANY

Head office: Dairen.

Branch offices: Tokyo, Seoul, Shanghai, Harbin and Peking.

Tel. add: "Mantetsu."

Code: A. B. C. 5th Edition.

大正十四年七月一日發行
 大正十四年六月廿六日印刷

編輯人

京 京城鐵道朝鮮部編輯會
 城 城
 西 西
 大 大
 門 門
 外 外
 美 美國人
 國 國
 人 人
 大 大
 班 班
 監 監
 萬 萬
 官 官
 巨 巨

印刷所
 京 京城鐵道中央教育會工業部印刷所
 城 城
 上 上
 洞 洞
 九 九
 八 八
 番 番
 地 地
 郵 郵
 實 實
 業 業

明治三十八年七月八日第三種郵便物認可

(每月一回一日發行)

發行所 京城鐵道朝鮮部編輯會